2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

286 Ustád was wisely initiating two disciples into his art: one his son-in-law and one his next-door neighbour of No. 9. As he stood by, superintending and advising, he was busily twiddling a special spindle for doubling the single woollen thread ready for a new warp. Passers-by halted for a chat, children squatted
286 round watching and taking in all that was said. We learnt that
• 465 nine yards of *pattoo* go to the making of a man's cloak and seven to a woman's, and that a skilled weaver can complete a nine-yard piece in two full days' work; a real master in a day and a half. If neighbours enlist his services they supply the wool and also the attendant men, women, or children to wind his bobbins. They may likely have a loom-pit near their house, even if none of them weave themselves; in that case he will go and weave in theirs, otherwise they bring their wool to his. His chief fee for weaving is three ample meals a day while he works, and a gift in kind (or cash if they have any) equal to about tenpence of our money.

286 The autumn is a favourite time for weaving; the harvest work is nearly over, and the weather is still warm enough for sitting out of doors. On our afternoon walks at this season we saw many other weavers dotted about not only in Aliábád, but in the neighbouring hamlets between us and Báltít, and we found looms and pits in all cases substantially identical. In only one house was there an innovator who had set up his loom on the roof, and was seated on a raised bench instead of a sunk one. Nadíro kindly promised that when his season's work was over he would bring his whole apparatus down, let us measure it in detail, and take a studio portrait of it. David devoted every Sunday forenoon to taking quarter-plate photographs in an improvised studio with a proper stand camera, thus obtaining exact records of the various vessels and implements that were most characteristic of the country.

One day Levy Kalbi called us out to see him preparing goats'-hair warp. This was a most entertaining performance. He had a large ball of single goats'-hair thread, ingeniously wound so that one end could be drawn out from the centre of the ball (many knitters at home are familiar with this device). He then took the two ends, one from the centre and one from the cir-

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252 God, the Merciful, the Compassionate—then they let the blood drain out, washed the neck carefully, and got busy with the skinning. Kalbi is a clever, neat-fingered fellow, as indeed all Hunzukuts seem to be, and in ten minutes had coaxed the skin off whole (without slitting it down the tummy) as easily as you peel off a pair of silk stockings. There were only the 415 holes at the neck and at the four "elbows" and a little slit at the tail, so that with a stitch at the tail and four ties at the legs the skin would serve as a water bucket or a bag for flour.

252 He then hung up the carcase and cleaned it—a wonderfully unmessy business—while we noted down all the words for its various innards. It would have been much more instructive and enlightening if either of us had ever seen a sheep killed at home or had known the English words for all the curious things it has inside it. There was not, even round the kidneys, one ounce of fat.

● 465 As usual out here, you do not pay a person in cash for performing a service of this kind; there is some recognized perquisite. In this case Kalbi considered that he would be handsomely remunerated if he might have the guts. We did not covet them ourselves, and gladly acquiesced. They are much [534] valued. They will give you strings for your zither (many people, including Kalbi, make beautiful zithers for themselves), and for your bow; they serve as thread to sew your long boots and your skin sack, and you put them to a hundred other uses. Others of our retainers laid claim to the wool, the skin, and various other items. Later Kalbi gave us a demonstration of skin-curing and -kneading.

291 The long native boots are extremely comfortable-looking, [281] like long-legged moccasins, and their construction is an elaborate art. Ibex skins are preferred, but ibex have nearly been killed off and other leather has to be substituted. The soles may be made of cow-hide. Boots are precious things, so however cold it is you take them off when you come to a very rough piece of ground or want to walk through water. At best the unlined boot is not over-warm, and really luxurious people wear woollen socks or stockings inside if they have them. The women can knit excellently well, but it is very rare for anyone

expected to reply: "It is God's will. Accidents will happen. After all, they are beasts of the mountain and the wild." He is reckoned a churlish fellow who institutes enquiries and demands compensation, though no one denies his right to it. The liberty to indulge in an occasional free feed is, we understood, sparingly taken and not abused.

With luck a she-goat will yield enough milk while up on the summer pastures to make two *maltash*, i.e. two birch bark parcels of butter for storage. If the goat is a trustee goat the herd is expected to hand one *maltash* to her owner and to keep the balance as his fee. Sheep's milk is poor in fat content and yields little butter, so it is usually devoted to making *brús* and *rakhpín*, a kind of hard, dried curd which has great lasting qualities and the appearance of a cake of soap.

The day that the herds return from the mountain with their charges is a festive one for the villages. Large parties go out to meet the returning absentees. Before finally leaving the *tér*, driven down by cold and the advancing autumn snows, the herds bake some special little cakes to bring back with them, and crowds of dancing, shouting boys and girls fall on their elder brothers demanding their share. Trust the Hunzukuts to stage a festival on the slightest provocation.

Our Ernest of the white horse reappeared unexpectedly from the *tér* in the middle of the season and walked over from Hasanabad to call on us and bring an offering of *brús* for DL and of wild mountain flowers for me. He had given his animals into a friend's charge, and taken a couple of days off because he was a member of the Hasanabad polo team and was wanted to play in an inter-village match. These matches rouse as much interest as Arsenal *versus* Chelsea, and a good player who is also the possessor of a good pony can ill be spared. I duly took a photo of him and The Cat, he no longer in the rôle of the humble *sais* but of the gentleman polo player. Stout fellow!

These early June days were the time for apricot and mulberry grafting. The cultivated fruit shoots are grafted on to wild trees. We watched the process, about which the Hunzukuts have little to learn. Each graft was given a double lashing of bark from mulberry root. We returned later and found them all thriving.